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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Printed by James Ballantyne and Company.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCH. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH:
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN;
JOHN MURRAY; AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.,
LONDON.

1822.

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THE

LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE

LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
Her down-cast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's scale,
When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudon's mountain, and in Ury's vale;
When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,
And fiery Edward routed stout St John,
When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale,
And many a fortress, town, and tower was won,
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.

Blithe tidings flew from Baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,
A vot'ress of the order now,
Say, did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woollen scapulaire,
And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glisten'd in thy watery eye,
When minstrel or when palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?—
And whose the lovely form, that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade;
So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,

So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingled with The Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprize begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore;
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;

And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore;—
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the first Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to The Bruce.
England was roused on every side,
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,

At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege,
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth marshall'd for the field;
There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seem'd all on flame,
With banner, blade, and shield!
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,
And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend a while the threaten'd shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh!
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd their King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame,
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right!

From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss,
All boun'd them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells;
But farther tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk, next morn,
Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn.

VI.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Isabel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part!
The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, sweet maiden, made for thee;
Go thou where thy vocation free
On happier fortunes fell.

Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high Maid
And his poor silent page were one.
Versed in the fickle heart of man,
Earnest and anxious hath he look'd
How Ronald's heart the message brook'd
That gave him, with her last farewell,
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—
Long since that mood is gone:
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own!"—

VII.

"No! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour——"

" Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said !—
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try—
Safe in his royal charge, and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel."—
Thus spoke the maid—King Robert's eye
Might have some glance of policy ;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch ta'en,
And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign ;
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead ;
Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
O'er tower and land was Edith's right ;
This ample right o'er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure, and shame, and fear bespeak!
Yet much the reasoning Edith made;
" Her sister's faith she must upbraid,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another's ear.
Why should she leave the peaceful cell?—
How should she part with Isabel?—
How wear that strange attire agen?—
How risk herself 'midst martial men?—
And how be guarded on the way?—
At least she might entreat delay."—
Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.

IX.

Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came,
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her plighted faith and truth—
Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land:—
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space—one little day—
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all, but most from Ronald's eyes—

But once to see him more !—nor blame
Her wish—to hear him name her name !—
Then, to bear back to solitude
The thought, he had his falsehood rued !
But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time
Gave means to expiate the crime.
High glow'd her bosom as she said,
" Well shall her sufferings be repaid !"—
Now came the parting hour—a band
From Arran's mountains left the land ;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honour, as behoved
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.

The King had deem'd the maiden bright
Should reach him long before the fight,
But storms and fate her course delay:
It was on eve of battle-day,
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'er the eye was borne,
The lances waved like autumn-corn.
In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie.
And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond, the Southern host appears,
A boundless wilderness of spears,

Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam ;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,
At the wild show of war aghast ;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too, were there,
And all the western land ;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,
In many a plaided band.

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There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
By these Hebrideans worn;
But O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.

Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
North-eastward by St Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:

His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 'twas to front of this array,
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause; for, in advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,

But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel bassinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,

With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and Peers:
And who, that saw the Monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my Liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—

" In battle-day," the King replied,
" Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"—
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on The Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,

While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gain'd his own array.
There round their king the leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud,
That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
A life so valued and so dear.
His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
The King, and careless answer made,—
"My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe."—
'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,
Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith, disguised, at distance stands,
And hides her blushes with her hands.

The monarch's brow has changed its hue,
Away the gory axe he threw,
While to the seeming page he drew,
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
Her hand with gentle ease he took,
With such a kind protecting look,
As to a weak and timid boy
Might speak, that elder brother's care,
And elder brother's love, were there.

XVII.

" Fear not," he said, " young Amadine !"
Then whisper'd, " Still that name be thine.
Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
Kind Amadine, with thee and me,
And sends thee here in doubtful hour
But soon we are beyond her power ;
For on this chosen battle-plain,
Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.

Do thou to yonder hill repair ;
The followers of our host are there,
And all who may not weapons bear.—
Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.—
Joyful we meet, if all go well ;
If not, in Arran's holy cell
Thou must take part with Isabel ;
For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,
(The bliss on earth he covets most,)
Would he forsake his battle post,
Or shun the fortune that may fall
To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—
But, hark ! some news these trumpets tell ;
Forgive my haste—farewell—farewell."—
And in a lower voice he said,
" Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid !"—

XVIII.

" What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round

Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried
To Moray's Earl, who rode beside.
"Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."—
The Earl his visor closed, and said,
"My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—
Follow, my household!"—And they go
Like lightning on the advancing foe.
"My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
"Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
Let me go forth his band to aid!"—
—"Stir not. The error he hath made
Let him amend it as he may;
I will not weaken mine array."—
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—
"My Liege," he said, "with patient ear
I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—
"Then go—but speed thee back again."—
Forth sprung the Douglas with his train;

But, when they won a rising hill,
He bade his followers hold them still.—
" See, see ! the routed Southern fly !
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo ! where yon steeds run masterless,
His banner towers above the press.
Rein up ; our presence would impair
The fame we come too late to share."—
Back to the host the Douglas rode,
And soon glad tidings are abroad,
That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And, couch'd in battle's prompt array,
Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray ;

Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassaill revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heave

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,

With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun:
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight;
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valance, Pembroke's pride,

Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd."—
"Ay!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die, or win the field."—
—"Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."—

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,

Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing,
As the wild hail-stones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe, to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—

—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"—

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archer ranks.

No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the green-wood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry may-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,

May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Then make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood shew generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"—
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field shew'd fair and level way;
But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care

Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd on their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!

They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;

As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;—
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;

Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave!

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,

And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
"My merry-men, fight on!"—

XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa-rock.
Rush on with Highland sword and targe;
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"—
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;

The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"—

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the reliques of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise,
A bright, but momentary blaze.

Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appear'd, in her distracted view,
To hem the isles-men round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"—

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,

Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal word,
A frenzy fired the throng;
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms!"—
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless Prince his due!
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle-rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—

" In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft ;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chace,
I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this !—
Once more, my Liege, farewell."—

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
" Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
" My course is run, the goal is near ;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."—
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
" Saint James for Argentine !"—

And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breast-plate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broad-sword round!
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear!
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"—
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near.
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breast-plate stream'd with gore;
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose ;—
" Lord Earl, the day is thine !
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late ;
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."—

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—
And, " O farewell !" the victor cried,
" Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face !—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.

O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"—

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,

When for her free-born rights she strove ;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee !

XXXVI.

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear ;
With him an hundred voices tell
Of prodigy and miracle,
" For the mute page had spoke."—
" Page !" said Fitz-Louis, " rather say,
An angel sent from realms of day,
To burst the English yoke.
I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top ;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen !"—

" Spoke he with none?"—" With none—one word
Burst when he saw the Island Lord,
Returning from the battle-field."—
" What answer made the Chief?"—" He kneel'd,
Durst not look up, but mutter'd low,
Some mingled sounds that none might know,
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."—

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.
" And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,
" Then must we call the church to aid—
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,

To Cambuskenneth straight he pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay, for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."—

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy vent'rous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words!—*there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recal,
Which hid its own, to sooth all other woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow

Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair;
And least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!

NOTES

TO

The Lord of the Isles.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

Note I.

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's dale.—P. 4.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudounhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder,

but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

Note II.

When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale.—P. 4.

The " good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions, he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer-casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the " good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas's Larder*. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft. " By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardie to keep this castle, which began to be called the *adventurous* (or hazardous) *castle of Douglas;* whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous castle of Douglas seven years, then he might

think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed.) But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for him, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped; the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letter about him."—HUME's *History of the House of Douglas, fol. pp.* 29, 30.

Note III.

And fiery Edward routed stout St John.—P. 4.

"John de St John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to entrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—DALRYMPLE's *Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburgh*, 1759, *p.* 25.

Note IV.

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.—P. 4.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce, appeared in arms against him, and in the

skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the blood-hound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, (see vol. VIII. p. 372,) and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprizes, conducted with equal courage and ability.

Note V.

———Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers,
And they took term of truce.—P. 7.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St John the Baptist's day. The king severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered the reckless

Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered his strength for the expected battle, and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

Note VI.

To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their liege.—P. 8.

There is printed in Rymer's Fœdera the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, *De peditibus ad recussum Castri de Stryvelin a Scotis obsessi properari faciendis.* This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling."—It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the siege. "Therefore," the summons further bears, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above-mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled Werk, upon the

tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

Note VII.

And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude.—P. 3.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welch, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welch quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannock-burn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkley.

Note VIII.

And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.—P. 8.

There is in the Fœdera an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

"Eth O Donnuld, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyconil;
Demond O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Fernetrew;
Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryowyn;
Neel Macbreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan;
Eth Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turtery;
Admely Mac Anegus, Duci Hibernicorum de Onehagh;
Neel O Hanlon, Duci Hibernicorum de Erthere;
Bien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Uriel;
Lauercagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Lougherin;
Gillys O Railly, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfeny;
Geffrey O Fergy, Duci Hibernicorum de Montiragwil;
Felyn O Honughur, Duci Hibernicorum de Connach;

Donethuth O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Tothmund ;
Dermond Mac Arthy, Duci Hibernicorum de Dessemound ;
Denenoul Carbragh ;
Maur. Kenenagh Mac Murgh ;
Murghugh O Bryn ;
David O Tothvill ;
Dermod O Tonoghur, Doffaly ;
Fyn O Dymsy ;
Souethuth Mac Gillephatrick ;
Lessagh O Morth ;
Gilbertus Ekelly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omany ;
Mac Ethelau ;
Omalan Heleyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie."

RYMER'S *Acta Republica, vol. III. pp.* 476, 477.

Note IX.

Their chief, Fitz-Louis.—P. 15.

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing ; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch, a charter, dated 26th November, in the second year of his reign, (1307,) for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

Note X.

In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie.—P. 16.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannock-burn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle, Bruce selected the field of action, and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000 disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. The ground was called the New Park of Stirling; it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purposes of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which is so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninian's, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the mareschal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas

Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The king himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shewn on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the south-west of St Ninian's. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the *Gillies'* (*i. e.* the servants'). *Hill.*

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English, approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies-Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection

to the hypothesis above laid down is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But *first*, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a breach of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge.* 2dly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees, and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet

* An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

Note XI.

Beyond, the Southern host appears.—P. 16.

Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry.

"And soon the great host heve they seen,
Where shields shining were so sheen,
And bacinets burnished bright,
That gave against the sun great light.
They saw so fele* brawdyne† baners,
Standards pennons and spears,
And so fele knights upon steeds,
All flaming in their weeds,

---

* Many. † Displayed.

And so fele batailles,* and so broad,
And too so great room as they rode,
That the maist host, and the stoutest
Of Cristendom, and the greatest,
Should be abaysit† for to see
Their foes unto such quantity."

The Bruce, vol. II. p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in private they told the formidable state of the enemy ; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded and worse disciplined.

Note XII.

With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files.—P. 17.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious Mac-Dougals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to the king, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

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* Battalions. † Alarmed.

Obligacio Comitis Rossensis per Homagium Fidelitatem et Scriptum.

Universis christi fidelibus ad quorum noticiam presentes litere peruenerint Willielmus Comes de Ross salutem in domino sempiternam. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus Dei gracia Rex Scottorum Dominus meus ex innata sibi bonitate, inspirataque clemencia, et gracia speciali remisit michi pure rancorem animi sui, et relaxauit ac condonauit michi omnimodas transgressiones seu offensas contra ipsum et suos per me et meos vsque ad confeccionem literarum pre sencium perpetratas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciose concessit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwal et ferncroskry infra comitatum de Suthyrland de benigna liberalitate sua heriditarie infeodare curauit. Ego tantam principis beneuolenciam efficaciter attendens, et pro tot graciis michi factis, vicem sibi gratitudinis meis pro viribus de cetero digne - - - - - - - - - - - - vite cupiens exhibere, subicio et obligo me et heredes meos et homines meos vniuersos dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia - - - - - - - - - - - - erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erimus de cetero fideles sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi seruicium auxilium et concilium - - - - - - - - - - - contra omnes homines et feminas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h - - - Ego Willielmus pro me - - - - - - - - - - - - hominibus meis vniuersis dicto domino meo Regi - - - - - - - manibus homagium sponte feci et super dei ewangelia sacra-

mentum prestiti - - - - - - - - - - - In quorum omnium testimonium sigillum meum, et sigilla Hugonis filii et heredis et Johannis filii mei vna cum sigillis venerabilium patrum Dominorum Dauid et Thome Moraviensis et Rossensis Dei gracia episcoporum presentibus literis sunt appensa. Acta scripta et data apud Aldern in Morauia vltimo die mensis Octobris, Anno Regni dicti Domini nostri Regis Roberti Tertio. Testibus venerabilibus patribus supradictis, Domino Bernardo Cancellario Regis, Dominis Willielmo de Haya, Johanne de Striuelyn, Willielmo Wysman, Johanne de Ffenton, Dauid De Berkeley, et Waltero de Berkeley militibus, magistro Waltero Heroc, Decano ecclesie Morauie, magistro Willielmo de Creswel eiusdem ecclesie precentore et multis aliis nobilibus clericis et laicis dictis die et loco congregatis.

The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

Note XIII.

The Monarch rode along the van.—P. 20.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place

betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour :—

" And when Glosyter and Hertfurd were,
With their battle approaching near,
Before them all their came riding,
With helm on head, and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boune, the worthy,
That was a wight knight, and a hardy ;
And to the Earl of Herfurd cousin ;
Armed in arms good and fine ;
Come on a steed, a bow-shot nere,
Before all other that there were.
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him so range his men on row ;
And by the crown, that was set
Also upon his bassenet,
And towards him he went on haste.
And the king so apertly
Saw him come, forth all his feres*
In hy* till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, forouting abaysing,‡
Till him he rode in full great hy.
He thought that he should well lightly

---

* Comrades. ‡ Haste. ‡ Without shrinking.

Win him, and have him at his will,
Since he him horsed saw so ill.
Sprent* they same intill a ling†
Sir Henry mised the noble king.
And he, that in his stirrups stood,
With the axe, that was hard and good,
With so great mayn‡ reached him a dint,
That neither hat nor helm might stynt,
That hewy§ dusche,‖ that he him gave,
That nere the head till the harness clave.
The hand-axe shaft fruschyt¶ in two;
And he down to the yird gan go
All flatlynys,** for him failled might.
This was the first stroke of the fight."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce, vol. II. p.* 122.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the king upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack, while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

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* Spurred. † Line. ‡ Moan.
§ Heavy. ‖ Clash.
¶ Broken. ** Flat.

Note XIV.

What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?——P. 27.

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manœuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

"Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army; they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The king perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, 'Thoughless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hasted to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protended on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him,

and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the king's permisson to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the king; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'—'In truth,' replied Douglas, 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him.' The king unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. 'Halt,' cried Douglas, 'those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.' "—DALRYMPLE's *Annals of Scotland*, 4*to*, *Edinburgh*, 1779, *pp.* 44, 45.

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently, that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Miltown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had

already passed St Ninians,* or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St Ninians, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.

Note XV.

Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd.—P. 31.

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tutti taitti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solifary bagpipe.—*Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs.*

It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding

* Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park, (where Bruce's army lay) and held "well neath the Kirk," which can only mean St Ninians.

their horns, since Bruce was at once recognised by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note X. on Canto IV.

But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Bruce,—

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Note XVI.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew.—P. 32.

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front and the nature of the ground did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed nine BATTLES, or divisions; but from the following passage, it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body :—

"The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,
Were not arrayed on such manner :

For all their battles samyn* were
In a schiltrum.† But whether it was
Through the great straitness of the place
That they were in, to bide fighting;
Or that it was for abaysing;‡
I wete not. But in a schiltrum
It seemed they were all and some;
Out ta'en the vaward anerly§
That right with a great company,
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
Who had been by, might have seen there
That folk ourtake a mekill feild
On breadth, where many a shining shield,
And many a burnished bright armour,
And many a man of great valour,

---

* Together.

† *Schiltrum*—This word has been variously limited or extended in its signification. In general, it seems to imply a large body of men drawn up very closely together. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understand it with this limitation in the present case. The schiltrum of the Scottish army at Falkirk was undoubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English advancing to the attack at Bannockburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems more probable, that, by *schiltrum*, in the present case, Barbour means to express an irregular mass into which the English army was compressed by the unwieldiness of its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its leaders.

‡ Frightening. § Alone.

Might in that great schiltrum be seen:
And many a bright banner and sheen."
BARBOUR'S *Bruce, vol. II. p.* 137.

Note XVII.

See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.—P. 33.

"Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in the sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. 'They yield,' cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.'—'They do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'" —*Annals of Scotland, vol. II. p.* 47.

Note XVIII.

Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!—P. 35.

The English archers commenced the attack, with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small, but select, body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milnton bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers.

As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons, fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

"The English archers shot so fast,
That might their shot have any last,
It had been hard to Scottis men.
But King Robert that well gan ken,*
That their shot right hard and grievous
Ordained, forouth † the assembly,
His Marschall, with a great menzie,
Five hundred armed into steel,
That on light horse were horsed well,
For to pryk ‡ among the archers,
And to assail them with their spears,
That they no leisure have till shoot.
This Marischell that I of mute, §
That Sir Robert of Keith was called,
As I befor here has you told,
When he saw the battles so
Assembled, and together go,
And saw the archers shoot stoutly;
With all them of his company,
In haste upon them gan he ride,
And overtook them at a side; ||

---

* Know.
† Disjointed from their main body.
‡ Spur.
§ That I speak of.
|| Set upon their flank.

And rushed among them so rudely,
Sticking them so dispiteously,
And in such fusion * bearing downe
And slaying them, foroutin ransoun ; †
That they them scalyt ‡ euerilkane. §
And from that time forth there was na
That assembled shot to ma. ‖
When Scotts archers saw that they swa
Were rebutyt,¶ they wax hardy,
And with all their might shot eagrely
Among the horsemen that there rode ;
And wounds wide to them they made,
And slew of them a full great deal."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce, pp.* 147, 8.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidown-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterward, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated

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* Numbers. † Ransom. ‡ Dispersed.
§ Every one. ‖ Make. ¶ Driven back.

and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "*But*, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

Note XIX.

Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!—P. 37.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre own feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise.'" —*Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to, p.* 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the fore-finger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

Note XX.

Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go.—P. 38.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention this circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time ; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

Note XXI.

And steeds that shriek *in agony.*—P. 38.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note ; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my for-

tune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

Note XXII.

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa-rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge.—P. 43.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee." Barbour intimates, that the reserve "assembled on one field," that is, in the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged, which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture, that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

Note XXIII.

To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear.—P. 46.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies-hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army

by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and shewed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yeomen, and swanys,* and pitaill,†
That in the Park yemet victual ‡
Were left; when they wist but lesing §
That their lords with full fighting
On their foes assembled were;
One of their selwyn || that were there
Captain of them all they made.
And sheets, that were somedale¶ braid,
They fastened instead of banners,
Upon long trees and spears.
And said that they would see the fight,
And help their Lords at their might.
When here—till all assented were,
In a route assembled er,**
Fifteen thousand they were or ma,
And than in great haste gan they go,
With their banners, all in a route,
As they had men been styve†† and stout.

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* Swains. † Rabble. ‡ Kept the provisions.
§ Lying. || Selves. ¶ Somewhat.
** Are. †† Stiff.

They came with all that assembly,
Right till they might the battle see ;
Than all at once they gave a cry,
' Slay ! Slay ! Upon them hastily !' "

BARBOUR'S *Bruce, vol. II. Book XIII, pp.* 153, 4.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell upon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Forth and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west, since in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides ; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown, after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight, contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was

somewhat slackened, approached King Robert. "Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" said Bruce, to whom he was personally known. "Yours, sir," answered the knight. "I receive you," answered the king; and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well accords with his high chivalrous character.

Note XXIV.

O! give their hapless prince his due.—P. 47.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, shewed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance but the governor, remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in num-

ber to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain, or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no time in directing the thunders of parliamentary censure against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

APUD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKENNETH,

VI DIE NOVEMBRIS M,CCC,XIV.

Judicium Redditum apud Kambuskinet contra omnes illos qui tunc fuerunt contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gracie millesimo tricentesimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum suum Excellentissimo principe domino Roberto Dei gracia Rege Scottorum Illustri in monasterio de Cambuskyneth concordatum fuit finaliter Judicatum [ac super] hoc statutum de Consilio et Assensu Episcoporum et ceterorum Prelatorum Comitum Baronum et aliorum nobilium regni Scocie nec non et tocius communitatis regni pre-

dicti quod omnes qui contra fidem et pacem dicti domini regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] to die ad pacem ejus et fidem non venerant licet sepius vocati et legitime expectati fuissent de terris et tenementis et omni alio statu infra regnum Scocie perpetuo sint exheredati et habeantur de cetero tanquam inimici Regis et Regni ab omni vendicacione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius cujuscunque in posterum pro se et heredibus suis in perpetuum privati Ad perpetuam igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probacionem hujus Judicii et Statuti sigilla Episcoporum et aliorum Prelatorum nec non et comitum Baronum ac ceterorum nobilium dicti Regni presenti ordinacioni Judicio et statuto sunt appensa.

Sigillum Domini Regis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Sancti Andree
Sigillum Roberti Episcopi Glascuensis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Dunkeldensis
. . Episcopi . . . . . .
. . . Episcopi . . . . . .
. . . Episcopi . . . . . .
Sigillum Alani Episcopi Sodorensis
Sigillum Johannis Episcopi Brechynensis
Sigillum Andree Episcopi Ergadiensis
Sigillum Frechardi Episcopi Cathanensis
Sigillum Abbatis de Scona
Sigillum Abbatis de Calco
Sigillum Abbatis de Abirbrothok
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancta Cruce
Sigillum Abbatis de Londoris

Sigillum Abbatis de Newbotill
Sigillum Abbatis de Cupro
Sigillum Abbatis de Paslet
Sigillum Abbatis de Dunfermelyn
Sigillum Abbatis de Lincluden
Sigillum Abbatis de Insula Missarum
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancto Columba
Sigillum Abbatis de Deer
Sigillum Abbatis de Dulce Corde
Sigillum Prioris de Coldinghame
Sigillum Prioris de Rostynot
Sigillum Prioris Sancti Andree
Sigillum Prioris de Pittinwem
Sigillum Prioris de Insula de Lochlevin
Sigillum Senescalli Scocie
Sigillum Willelmi Comitis de Ros
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Sigillum Gilberti de la Haya Constabularii Scocie
Sigillum Roberti de Keth Mariscalli Scocie
Sigillum Hugonis de Ros
Sigillum Jacobi de Duglas
Sigillum Johannis de Sancto Claro
Sigillum Thome de Ros
Sigillum Alexandri de Settone
Sigillum Walteri Haliburtone
Sigillum Davidis de Balfour

Sigillum Duncani de Wallays
Sigillum Thome de Dischingtone
Sigillum Andree de Moravia
Sigillum Archibaldi de Betun
Sigillum Ranulphi de Lyill
Sigillum Malcomi de Balfour
Sigillum Normanni de Lesley
Sigillum Nigelli de Campo bello
Sigillum Morni de Musco Campo
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Note XVII.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.—P. 52.

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed, (vol. VII. pp. 271, 272.) Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since.

"It was forsooth a great ferlie,
To see samyn* sa fele dead lie.

* Together.

Two hundred spurs that were reid,*
Were taen of knights that were dead."

I am now to take my leave of Barbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend, Dr Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition of his poem, and of Blind Harry's Wallace. The only good edition of The Bruce was published by Mr Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is not without errors; and it has besides become scarce. Of Wallace there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.†

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

List of the Slain.

Barons and Knight Bannerets.
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester,
Robert de Clifford,
Payan Tybetot,
William le Mareschal,

---

* Red, or gilded.

† Both these works have now been published, in a splendid form, and with extreme accuracy, by the learned and reverend Doctor.

John Comyn,
William de Vescey,
John de Montfort,
Nicolas de Hasteleigh,
William Dayncourt,
Ægidius de Argenteyne,
Edmund Comyn,
John Lovel, (the rich)
Edmond de Hastynge,
Milo de Stapleton,
Simon Ward,
Robert de Felton,
Michael Poyning,
Edmund Maulley.

Knights.

Henry de Boun,
Thomas de Ufford,
John de Elsingfelde,
John de Harcourt,
Walter de Hakelut,
Philip de Courtenay,
Hugo de Scales,
Radulph de Beauchamp
John de Penbrigge,
With thirty-three others of the same rank, not named.

PRISONERS.

Barons and Baronets.

Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford,
Lord John Giffard,
William de Latimer,
Maurice de Berkley,
Ingelram de Umfraville,
Marmaduke de Twenge,
John de Wyletone,
Robert de Maulee,
Henry Fitz-Hugh,
Thomas de Gray,
Walter de Beauchamp,
Richard de Charon,
John de Wevelmton,
Robert de Nevil,
John de Segrave,
Gilbert Peeche,
John de Clavering,
Antony de Lucy,
Radulph de Camys,
John de Evere,
Andrew de Abremhyn.

Knights.

Thomas de Berkeley,
The son of Roger Tyrrel,
Anselm de Mareschal,
Giles de Beauchamp,
John Cyfrewast,
John Bluwet,
Roger Corbet,
Gilbert de Boun,
Bartholomew de Enefeld,
Thomas de Ferrers,
Radulph and Thomas Bottetort,
John and Nicolas de Kingstone, (brothers)
William Lovel,
Henry de Wileton,
Baldwin de Frevill,
John de Clivedon,*
Adomar la Zouche,
John de Merewode,
John Maufe,†
Thomas and Odo Lele Ercedekene,
Robert Beaupel, (the son)
John Mautravers, (the son)
William and William Giffard,
And thirty-four other knights, not named by the historian.

And in sum, there were there slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's signet, (*Custos Targiæ Domini Regis*), was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Swinton, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his *privy seal*, to distinguish the same from the sig-

* Supposed Clinton.

† Maule.

net so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The *Targia*, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Moira, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish king.—*Continuation of* TRIVET's *Annals*, *Hall's edit. Oxford*, 1712, *vol. II. p.* 14.

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

FRAGMENTS,

WHICH ORIGINALLY APPEARED

IN

THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER,

FOR 1809.

FRAGMENTS.

THE POACHER.

Welcome, grave Stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls;
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;

Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buckskin'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain ;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chace,
And long'd to send them forth as free as when
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind !
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd,
On every covey fired a bold brigade :
La Douce Humanité approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt ;
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté !*

But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain;
Then since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-mark'd path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,

We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.*

---

* Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the Forest Courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt from desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chace or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight,* run when moon was none;

---

* A cant name for smuggled spirits.

And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain,
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretch'd,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,
While the tongue faulters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import—watch-word, threat, and oath
Though, stupified by toil and drugg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eye-balls, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?

Do the locks bristle and the eye-brows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March ?"

No, scoffer, no ! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law !
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar ;
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once ;—the lightest heart,
That ever play'd on holiday his part !
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song ;

And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
" 'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law ;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song ;

Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

SONG.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love!

THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND

TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,)

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND

UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

WALTER SCOTT.

PREFACE

TO

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the

Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspicious and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to

commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President Blair, and Lord Viscount Melville. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under

such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania terris,
Vox humana valet! ——— CLAUDIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Lives there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?
Such, Wellington, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
At clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-powering measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thund'ring cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage

Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

IV.

Ye Mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye Torrents! whose hoarse sounds have sooth'd their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung.

V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,

When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,—
They came unsought for, if applauses came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:
" Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
r, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.

" Decay'd our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring;
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing,

That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

" No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chaunts some favour'd name;
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

X.

" Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,

Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought and died.

XII.

" And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme!"—The Mountain Spirit said:
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.

THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

I.

Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp,
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold;
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,

Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport :—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"—
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,

Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd;
And sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,
When in the midst his faultering whisper staid.—
"Thus royal Witiza * was slain,"—he said;
"Yet, holy father, deem not it was I."—
Thus still Ambition strives her crime to shade—

* The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

" Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

" And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!—
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"—
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

IX.

" O harden'd offspring of an iron race!
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?
What alms, or prayers, or penance, can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away!

For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be lost."—

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom;
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Shew, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."—

XI.

" Ill-fated prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, you spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a king, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."—

XII.

—" Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gate-way bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,
Low-mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,

And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges
bray'd.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
not spy;
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;

Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a falling land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven;
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
"Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd:
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,

And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII.

And here,—as erst upon the antique stage
Pass'd forth the bands of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed,—
So to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Shewing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been;
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard between.

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek !—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
" The Moor !" he cried, " The Moor !—ring out the
Tocsin bell !

XX.

" They come ! they come ; I see the groaning
lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde,
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield the Koran or the sword.—

See how the Christians rush to arms amain !—
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd !
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
of Spain !

XXI.

" By heav'n, the Moors prevail ! the Christians
yield !—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign !
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia ?—Yes, 'tis mine !
But never was she turn'd from battle-line :
Lo ! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and
stone !—
Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine !
Rivers ingulph him !"—" Hush," in shuddering
tone,
The Prelate said ; " rash Prince, yon vision'd form's
thine own."—

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flier's course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoil divide,
With naked scymitars mete out the land,
And for their bondsmen base the freeborn natives brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then menials to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine

Echoed, for holy hymn and organ tone,
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief;
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass,
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;

And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land, as evening seem'd to set,
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had broke their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;
Before the cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii these of Spain for many an age;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a Chief of old,
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle-plume adorn'd his crest,

The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage,
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung, the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came.
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud than he;
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renown'd,
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaisar veil'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud gallies sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore, from rich Potosi borne,

Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl,
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways.
But with the incense breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire,
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand ;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band ;
When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became ;
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to brook ;
And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill :

But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille.

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
And careless saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;
Beneath the chesnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,

A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud—
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd aloud ;—

XXXVII.

Even so upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And He, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand ;
Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land ;
Then, burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties !
He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame ;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name ;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came :
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—

The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form:
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and storm,
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode;
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon;
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;
"And hopest thou, then," he said, "thy power shall stand?
O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,

And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood ;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand !
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death shall die the Man of Blood !"—

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, " Castile !"
Not that he loved him—No !—in no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart ;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,

Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, "To arms!" and fast to arms they sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd the dreadful hand.

XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;

While nought against them bring the unpractised foe,
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for freedom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but O! they march not forth,
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!
Far other fate had Heav'n decreed for Spain;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and brand,

By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous hand,
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw,
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What Minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honour'd in defeat as victory!
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Shew'd every form of fight by field and flood;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,
The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with blood!

LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due!
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad City! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest!—thy sainted Dame,
She of the Column, honour'd be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love!
And like the sacred reliques of the flame,

That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove !

LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair !
Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung ;
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung,
Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,
Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,

In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
When'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,

Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come!

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the beams of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rival's lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the laws.

LIX.

And Oh! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,

And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid!

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:—

But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room?
And dare her flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb?

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion blast and wings unfurl'd,
To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World?

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:
Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain!

CONCLUSION.

I.

" Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulph is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

" Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross Powers !"—
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,

Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force!
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,

And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path a Lion lay!
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight.

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,

What wanton horrors mark'd their wrackful path !
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy ;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name !

VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;
Riches nor poverty the task shall shun,

Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay.
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless lay.

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain?
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain?
Vainglorious Fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain * as fore-doom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
Fall'n child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

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* The literal translation of *Fuentes d' Honoro*.

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the Lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled Boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne;
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown
By British skill and valour were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,

His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon-sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crown'd!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—

He gaged but life on that illustrious day ;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike, or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied,
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground ;
He dream'd mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber own'd its fame,
Tummell s rude pass can of its terrors tell;
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout
of GRÆME!

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.

And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land.

THE END OF DON RODERICK.

NOTES

TO

The Vision of Don Roderick.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.

Note I.

And Cattraeth's vales with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung.
St. IV. p. 127.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed by the learned Dr Leyden to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

> Had I but the torrent's might,
> With headlong rage and wild affright, &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. I. p. 222. —Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argood, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scoto-Chronicon, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drummelziar, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name, (*quasi Tumulus Merlini*,) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shewn, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:— "There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn, called Pausayl, runs by the east side of this church-yard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn-tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:

> When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

"For the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—PENNYCUIK's *Description of Tweeddale.* Edin. 1715. 4. p. 26.

Note II.

——*where the lingering fays renew their ring,*
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn-hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring.
St. VIII. p. 129.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain, upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

Note III.

——*verse spontaneous.*—St. IX. p. 130.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

Note IV.

——*the deeds of Græme.*—St. IX. p. 130.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthograpy of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprize the southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTES TO THE VISION.

Note I.

For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay.

St. IV. p. 135.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the

issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of Caba Rumia, which in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

Note II.

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see.

St. X. p. 139.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step, from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted

with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale palatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

"Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic *fatale palatium* fuisse; quod invicti vectes, æterna ferri robora claudebant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ excidium adferret; quod in fatis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animum infelix curiositas subiit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pessulos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus, nihil præter arculam repertam, et in ea linteum, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuere, cum inscriptione Latina, *Hispaniæ excidium ab illa gente immincre;* Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque persuasum; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum queruntur."—*Hispania Ludovic. Nonij*, cap. lix.

But about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, we find in the "Historia Verdadera del Roy Don Roderigo," a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcayde Albucacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish

original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader :—

" One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all : four estadoes, (*i. e.* four times a man's height,) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks ; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men :—' The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.'— Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care : but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting ; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened

the tower; and some bold attendants whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall; 'Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall; and when the

king, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The king, having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscription signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth."—*Historia Verdadeyra del Rey Don Rodrigo.* Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654, 4. p. 23.

Note III.

——— *the Tecbir war-cry and the Lelies yell.*

St. XIX. p. 145.

The Tecbir, (derived from the words *Alla achar*, God is most mighty,) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Seige of Damascus:

> We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call
> Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
> They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the Romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St Lewis.

Note IV.

By Heaven the Moors prevail!—the Christians yield!—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!

St. XXI. p. 146.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeath-

ed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action:

"Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing in fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their

backs. At length, seeing no hope left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and, mounting on a horse called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed is not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—MARIANA'S *History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

Note V.

When for the light Bolero ready stand,
The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.

St. XXXIII. p. 154.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

Note VI.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile."

St. XLIII. p. 160.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla*, *Castilla*, *Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

Note VII.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.

St. XLVIII. p. 163.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion, may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed,

and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

> Respect for his great place—and bid the Devil
> Be duly honour'd for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which

had been wrested from them,—is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shewn themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object, (as undoubtedly it is a main one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and

power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war, such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

Note VIII.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—St. LI. p. 165.

The interesting account of Mr Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in

the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last forty-eight hours,' said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."——

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city

which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Les Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pave-

ment was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindling fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours';) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-

place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or up-rooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."

Note IX.

———*the Vault of Destiny.*—St. LXIII. p. 172.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgin del Sagrario.* The scene opens with the noise of the chace, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the

Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTES TO THE CONCLUSION.

Note I.

While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress:—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

St. II. p. 174.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:—

2. "A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick darknesse, as the morning spread upon the moun-

tains: a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.

3. "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wildernesse, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. "The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. "Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. "Before their face shall the people be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. "They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. "Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.

9. "They shall run to and fro in the citie: they shall run upon the wall, they shall climbe up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. "The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining."

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a "land barren

and desolate," and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having "magnified themselves to do great things," there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena; Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

Note II.

The rudest centinel in Britain born,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.

St. VII. p. 177.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery: rice, vegetables, and bread where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the reliques to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity; and, in many

instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Note III.

——— *vainglorious Fugitive!*—St. VIII. p. 178.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the ar-

tillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

Note IV.

Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and ten-fold odds, in vain!

St. X. p. 179.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some

small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated,) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note V.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given.—
St. X. p. 130.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayonetted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the con-

tested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of the village, in which he says, the British lost many officers, *and Scotch.*

Note VI.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd.
St. XIV. p. 182.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been under-

rated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

Note VII.

——— a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.
St. XVII. p. 184.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killy-crankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the victor of Barosa.

END OF THE NOTES TO DON RODERICK.

THE

FIELD OF WATERLOO;

A POEM.

Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.

AKENSIDE.

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,

PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower.
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.

Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;

The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe :—
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen !
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view ;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal WATERLOO !

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough.
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.

Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow,
Brief space from thence, the ground again,
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.
The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground.
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,

Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hugomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?—
A stranger might reply,
" The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."—

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:—
But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner bands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,

Yon deep-graved ruts, the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shews where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound!
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
On these scorch'd fields were known!

Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—
Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay,
When breath was all but flown.

VIII

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,

With such promiscuous carnage rife,
Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are pass'd.
Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;
For all that war could do,

Of skill and force, was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinish'd fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,

While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim,
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the levell'd gun!
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Hulan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!"
Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out

Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their Leader shunn'd to share.
But He, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm!" exclaim'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steal-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke.
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The Cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,

Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply,—
Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent ;
And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—
The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance,

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel?
Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly?—
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone?—
What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line
In one dread effort more?—
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprized—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,

Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame,
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame
Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistence faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power
A torrent fierce and wide;
'Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean, and poor,
Whose channel shews display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,

But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride and rage and shame,—
"Oh that he had but died!"
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,

Down the dread current hurl'd—
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft

So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast:—
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,

Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife?—
Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come howsoe'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted Bard espied,

That " yet imperial hope ;"
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign ;
No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known ;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs not foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.

Such waits thee when thou shalt controul
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That marr'd thy prosperous scene:—
Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART
With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;

And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"—

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;

The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou can'st not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its reliques lie!
O, when thou see'st some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no inquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—

Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCY change Love's bridal-wreath
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your number, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass, and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave,
Who fought with Wellington.

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Hast not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;

But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the Towers of Hougomont,
And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
ll wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven!
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still.
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Vell thou art now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,
Vhile like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Vhere first the soldier, stung with generous shame,
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
l wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry!
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
nd rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
nd to the gazing world may'st proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
o quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down ;—
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known ;
—Such may by fame be lured—by gold be hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

NOTES

TO

The Field of Waterloo.

NOTES.

Note I.

The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.—P. 227.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

Note II.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.—P. 284.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Buonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

Note III.

Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the level'd gun!—P. 235.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action :—

"It was near seven o'clock; Buonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied,—'*En avant! en avant!*'

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Buonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-

camp who brought the message."—*Relation de la Bataille de Mont Saint-Jean. Par un Temoin Occulaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo. p. 51.

Note IV.

The fate their leader shunn'd to share.—P. 236.

It has been reported that Buonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l' Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Buonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.* It is not meant to infer from these particulars

* The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Buonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

that Napoleon shewed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

Note V.

England shall tell the fight.—P. 236.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

Note VI.

As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade.—P. 239.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*"

Note VII.

Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel.—P. 240.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards,

in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and entrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home,) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

END OF THE NOTES TO WATERLOO.

SONGS

AND

MISCELLANIES.

THE

DANCE OF DEATH.

I.

Night and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no pale beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.

Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light ;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Shew'd the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,
Gleam on the gifted ken ;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men :—

Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foeman's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrole their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrole nor centinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,
When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

Song.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,

Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Makes space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.

Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate,
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;

With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale

On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscrip collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Pa
lestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine
" And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still th
Soldier's prayer,
" That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairs
fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,
"Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, be loved the fairest fair."—

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid,—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."—

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, be loved the fairest fair!"—

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."—

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung:

" My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."—

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay :
" My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."—

Alas ! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave :

" My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."—

SAINT CLOUD.

Soft spread the southern Summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken arms withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

PARIS, *Sept. 5*, 1815.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

O DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
nd, beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
ot the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furr
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain ;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his clain
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair ;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success or disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd!
Fill Wellington's cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Græme;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

Vhen the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
or around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
ut ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

'e forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR;
nd ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward
From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and h
standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand like our fathers before.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—"*A Border Melody.*"

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

I.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

" Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

" A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the Border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR—"*Gadil gu lo.*"*

I.

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight;
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

* "Sleep on till day." These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr Terry's drama of Guy Mannering.

II.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

AIR—*Piobair of Dhonuil Dhuibh."* *

This is a very ancient Pibroch belonging to the Clan Mac-Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piobaireachd Dhonuil, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.

* The pibroch of Donald the Black.

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering place at Inverlochy.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen,
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky:

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad-swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW.

AIR—"*Cha teid mis a chaoidh.*" *

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

I.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.

* "I will never go with him."

For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."—

II.

" A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
" Are lightly made, and lightly broke ;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light ;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."—

III.

" The swan," she said, " the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest ;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn,

Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."—

IV.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

AIR—"*Thain' a Grigalach.*"*

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the prescription of their very name, are alluded to in the ballad.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

* "The MacGregor is come."

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Gregalach! haloo, Gregalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach!
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalach!
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!
Come then, Gregalach, come then, Gregalach!
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall caree
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—"*Malcolm Caird's come again.*"*

CHORUS.

DONALD Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,

* Caird signifies Tinker.

Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin,
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou his stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird,
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;

Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of kebbeck, taits of woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again!

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

AIR—"*Cha till mi tuille.*" *

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, "*Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon,*" "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the gallies;
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever

* "We return no more."

arewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming ;
arewell, each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming ;
arewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river,
lacleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never !

Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping ;
arewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping ;
o each minstrel delusion, farewell !—and for ever—
lackrimmon departs, to return to you never !
he *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
he pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me ;
ut my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
hough devoted I go—to return again never !

Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
e heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;
ear land ! to the shore, whence unwilling we sever,
eturn—return—return—shall we never !

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon !"

THE

LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON.

AIR—"*Dafydd y Garreg-wen.*" *

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Welch Melodies.

There is a tradition that Dafydd y Garreg-wen, a famous Welch Bard, being on his death-bed, called for his harp, and composed the sweet melancholy air to which these verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament, for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;
No more by sweet Teivi CADWALLON shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

* "David of the White Rock."

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture—with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair,
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with CADWALLON shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure, farewell!

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN.*

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noon-day solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where gray-hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

* Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,

Whether at ALWYN'S * lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of ASHESTEEL ; †
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the forest fair !

---

* *Alwyn*, the seat of the Lord Somerville, now, alas ! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend.

+ *Ashesteel*, the poet's residence at that time.

THE

SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR—"*Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run.*"

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology. The words written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Scottish Melodies.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill ;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

AIR—"*The Maid of Isla.*"

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Scottish Melodies.

O MAID of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,

Against the storm-clad, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away ;—
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
O maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintery cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come ;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

THE FORAY.

Set to music by JOHN WHITEFIELD, Mus. Doc. Cam.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone,
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud;

'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient ! I hear my blithe Grey !
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh ;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown ;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be gone !—
To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the slain
To their health, and their glee, that see Teviot again !

THE

MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—"*Ymdaith Mionge.*"

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Welch Melodies.

ETHELRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monk's March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye:

High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:

Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Ofrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing O miserere Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long the ruins told the tale,

Shatter'd towers and broken arch,
Long recall'd the woeful march: *
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

---

* William of Malmesbury says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre;—"tot semiruti parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba ruderum quantum vix alibi cernas."

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Ah! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!

But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage ;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain ;
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell then—Enchantress !—I meet thee no more.

EPITAPH ON MRS ERSKINE.

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form, and candid soul.—
But, oh! What symbol may avail to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well!
What sculpture shew the broken ties of life,
Here buried, with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or, on the tablet, stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear!
Yet, taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

MR KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?

Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy,
Till every sneering youth around inquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave;

That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakespeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faultering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL!

EPILOGUE

TO

THE APPEAL,

SPOKEN BY MRS H. SIDDONS.

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage day,
Forgot her spouse and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour
Since the New Jail became our next door neighbour.*

* It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the Theatre.

Yes, times *are* changed, for in your fathers' age
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that first
received their weight.
The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the Law herself;
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left, she agitates the town
With the tempestuous question, Up or down? *

* At this time the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a law-suit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning the range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end and law's uncertainty.
But soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then—just farewell! we wait with serious awe
Till your pleasure or censure gives the law,
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

Written in 1817.

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail!*
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naive* detail

* The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian licence loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"—
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—

I love a Prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—

The last edition see by Long: and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sort of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy ;

In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,
"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,*
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.*
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail and some the rear;

---

* For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.

Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,
To rid the palace of those learn'd leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders)
Tatars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai*;*
I'm not prepared to shew in this slight song

* See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia.

That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.

The Omrahs,* each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—
" The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death ;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong and raise the shout of battle !
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—
And for the charges—Lo ! your faithful Commons !"—
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib-language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,

* Nobility.

Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens, and with gay Kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul;
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point;—"Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burthen to thy faithful clergy."

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was call'd so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

" *Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)
" It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here.—Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's."—
Such was the counsel from his mother came.
I know not if she had some under-game,
As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen Regent sounded better than Queen Mother;

But, says the Chronicle, (who will go look it,)
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main:
The old Rais* was the first who question'd, "Whither?"—
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive Prince,
"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judæa weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:

* Master of the vessel.

She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

XII.

" Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
" These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.

" While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot," * they said, " is torn to pieces.
Its tops † the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel. ‡
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli ;
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio ! still has all the luck ;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."—
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,

---

* The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.

† Florence, Venice, &c.

‡ The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, *i. e.* Brother Devil.

Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail'd him,
Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;
Besides, some tumours on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding. *

Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nappy?"—
The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question,—
"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good breeding scarce enough.

---

* Or drubbing, so called in the Slang Dictionary.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn.)
Replied the Frenchman after a brief pause.
" Jean Bool?—I vas not know him—yes, I vas—
I vas remember dat von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo—
Ma foi ! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m' entendez vous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the streight.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the Devil's tattoo.

His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John,
And authors vouch 'twas still this Worthy's way,
" Never to grumble till he came to pay ;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much." *
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well nigh wept for Buonaparte !
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
" And who are you," John answer'd, " and be d—d ?"

XVI.

" A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, Seignior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."—†
" Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand ;
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land ;

* See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.
† Europe.

Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broad cloths—
Happy?—why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."—
"In that case, Seignior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve——"
"Favour?" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
"It's my belief you came to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that, to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,—
"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Seignior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."—
"Kiss and be d—d," quoth John, "and go to hell!"

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg

When the blithe bagpipe blew—but soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas eke the vixen used her claws,
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labour,
Loved a long grace and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d——d close in making of a bargain.

XVII.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him "sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbock from the nook;
Asked him "about the news from eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house gan scuttle,
In search of goods her customer to nail,

Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,
And hollow'd,—" Ma'am, that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"—
" Happy?" said Peg; " What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."—
" What say you to the present?"—" Meal's sae dear,
To mak their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh."—
" The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
" I think my quest will end as it began.
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg——"
" Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,

Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potato, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.

" By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,
" That ragged fellow is our very man !
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he, nill he, let me have his *shirt*."—

XXII.

Shilela their plan was well nigh after baulking,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking,)
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack ;
They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd him
—Alack !
Up-bubboo ! Paddy had not——a shirt to his back !!!
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

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